

# THE DESTERRADO

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BY

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AUTHOR OF "LAYS OF GOA," "A GOAN  
FIDDLER," "PRIMEIROS VERSOS," ETC.

CHAPMAN  
AND HALL



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TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
SIR EDMUND GOSSE

## NOTE

It is due to the critical discrimination of my son Philip that this book has not more defects. If it has any merits, some of them are no less due to his valuable suggestions. And he allows me to record these facts only because of the joy it will give to an affectionate father.

J. F.

*From the Author's Poem, "Nunca Pensei"*

Por uma só ambição fui dominado,  
P'ra mim foi sempre um dever sagrado  
    Louvar a patria—não louvei?  
Eis a razão que ando desterrado—  
    Nunca pensei, nunca pensei.

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## THE SACRIFICE

# THE DESTERRADO

## THE VICTIM

Go slower, said I to the driver,  
And looked on the scenes I past.  
How little I dreamed, dear hamlet,  
That I looked my last !

They dragged me out like a felon  
In sight of all I held dear ;  
They fell on me without mercy  
Though friends were near

Yea, so by Fate it was written—  
To save me not a man tried,  
All quiet He looked on—O Master !—  
Only the hills sighed !

Yet, as I fled, did I pluck this,  
This twig of the *mango-tree*,  
That every house I come to  
It blest might be

# THE DESTERRADO

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# The Desterrado

## VIA SACRA

WHEN Fate, for serving worthless folk,  
Covered me with disgrace,  
And some old women fell to crying  
At seeing my blood-stained face,

A voice across the forty years  
Cried out in accents deep,  
“ Ye daughters of Jerusalem,  
*Weep not over me, but weep*

For yourselves and for your children ! ”  
And right before me stood  
The churchyard with each cross, the folk,  
And the choir master good.

Thus at the Via Sacra had  
He cried in tones benign,  
And touched the heart of every one,  
Had touched all hearts but mine

Nay, I had mocked him, I alone  
Of all the pious throng ;  
And, doubtless, in this wise, at last  
Had Time avenged the wrong !

## FAREWELL

FAREWELL ! but not as men might take it,  
For thou and I are one  
As much as flesh and blood can make it;  
And naught beneath the sun,  
Till all my sands have run,  
Dear hamlet mine, us two shall sever—  
For ever we are one, for ever !

# The Desterrado

## ON AN OLD GRAVE

To many thou wert dear—  
Who now remembers thee?  
Only I, with *many* a tear,  
Only I remember thee;  
Yea bitter tears I shed—  
Brother, when I am dead,  
Who will remember thee?

# The Sacrifice

## THE FLIGHT

LIKE a thief I slunk away.

“Are you leaving us?”

Asked the palm-trees, bending low.

“He’s deceiving us!”

Cried the birds, “We too will go,”—

And they followed me.

I heeded not but hung my head:

My heart was dead in me,

The world I loved was dead,

The rest was naught to me—

And like a thief I fled.

On the way I sold the house,

For a bagatelle

“Judas! Judas!” croaked the crows,

“Sure to burn in hell!”

From his grave my father rose,

Rose and followed me!

I smote my breast, my dead heart bled

And made the sign on me.

Strange worlds before me spread,

My world was lost to me—

And like a Cain I fled.



# The Desterrado

## ACROSS THE GHATS

GREAT hills upon great hills, you say,  
On every side they rise ?  
One little hill 'tis all I see—  
O friend, cover mine eyes.

And houses scattered far and wide  
On every hill, you say ?  
One little house 'tis all I see—  
Now close mine eyes, I pray.

And to and fro the folks they go ?  
One man alone I see,  
A dead man too, he digs a grave—  
Dear friend, pray bury me !

*A Voice*

Buried you'll never be !

# The Sacrifice

## THE VILLAGE

WHEN last I passed this way,  
(How very long ago ?  
It seems but yesterday,  
So well the facts I know)  
Some maidens at the well  
Merrily they were singing,  
And many a temple bell  
Noisily it was ringing ;  
*That* dog was barking furious  
(Now it seems to pity me)  
And children staring curious  
And saying, " A strange saib he ! "  
It all had seemed so sweet and funny,  
Had come as comes to children honey,  
Had come and cooled my fevered brain—  
Lord, be as merciful again !

*A Voice*

Thou prayest in vain !

# The Desterrado

## THE PEASANT

How good a thing is toil !  
Sweet after toil is bread,  
And best to plough the soil  
Ere the sun is overhead,  
As does that peasant now. . . .  
So many angels tried  
To watch him at the plough,  
The heavens they opened wide.  
The man was heald to say :  
“ Another furrow, son,  
And your day’s work is done ;  
Then off you go to play,  
I will go rest a while :  
Come, one more furrow, come.”  
It made the angels smile—  
The creature it was dumb !  
I wept in agony,  
In vain I wept, in vain ;  
They would not look on me,  
Naught cared they for my pain.  
To the good peasant then  
I turned, “ O blest of men,  
Pray let me hold the plough ;  
Sure it will do me good,  
A sweat upon my brow ;  
Well after work comes food,

## The Sacrifice

And work or food to share,  
To share it with another,  
Great joy it is and rare !  
Do try it, my good brother,  
And let me hold the plough.”  
These words scarce had I said,  
One moment, at my brow,  
Stared he—then shrieked and fled !

# The Desterrado

## JOHN CLARE

NONE knew it, yet the moss-thatched cot,  
To thee, was all in all ·  
I knew full well, John Clare.  
The kindly lord he too knew not ;  
He put thee in a hall—  
It deepened thy despair :  
John Clare, I felt for thee  
And many a tear let fall.  
Now comes my turn, John Clare,—  
I have nor cot nor hall :  
John Clare, pray thou for me.

## *A Voice*

None will pray for thee !

# The Sacrifice

## ALL SOULS' DAY

The bells toll for the dead !  
The dead lie quiet, they say,  
As quiet as babes in bed—  
Death, take me then away :  
Alive no peace have I,  
If dead all quiet I'll lie.

*A Voice*

You'll never die !

# UNDER THE SKIES

UNDER THE SKIES



# Under the Skies

## THE FOREST BIRD

BIRD of the forest, now thou art free,  
Where wilt thou go ?  
Wilt thou not fly to the blue mountains  
Where cool winds blow,  
And sing to the great folk there ?

Why should I leave the pleasant plains ?  
Content I could dwell  
In this quiet village, by the stream,  
Temple or well,  
And sing to the small folk here.

# The Desterrado

## SALISBURY PARK \* (Poona, India)

WHEN the first time I  
Crossed Salisbury Park,  
There was nobody there,  
But, alone in the sky  
Was singing, a lark :  
We two from the world were apart—  
The bird in the sky,  
Upon the earth I—  
And a strange joy kept playing in my heart !

\* So called in memory of the Superintendent of the Seventh Day Adventist Mission. The place is more of a valley than a park, being treeless and, for the most part, uncultivated.

# Under the Skies

## TO THE SUN

GOOD-MORNING, dear Sun !  
It makes me so glad  
To see thy glad face.  
All the night I was sad,  
But the light of thy face  
It makes me quite glad—  
What a blessing thou art !  
Thou givest us joy,  
Thou givest us life,  
Poor worms on this earth  
For ever at strife—  
There's naught we can give thee ;  
But may this, in thy praise,  
From the depths of my heart  
I send by thy rays,  
May it please thee, dear Sun !—  
What a blessing thou art !

# The Desterrado

## BIRDS AND I

AT sunrise o'er the hills  
As I go a-whistling gay,  
The birds from many a tree,  
" Good-morning, poet ! " they say ;  
It thrills me so, I, I  
Can make them no reply,  
But in my heart I bless them.

At sunset I return  
A-thinking all the way,  
And, to the birds about,  
" Good-night, dear birds ! " I say ,  
If none of them replies  
For the sleep in their eyes,  
Sure in their hearts they bless me.

# Under the Skies

## ONE MORN IN JULY

ONE morn in July,  
In a garden all fair,  
Quiet seated was I  
Enjoying the cool air.  
All the plants were in flower,  
With many a gay bower—  
It is so in July—  
And all o'er *tring, tring, tring*—  
So some humming birds sing  
And from flower to flower fly,  
Or it was *tweet, tweet, tweet*,  
Of the tailor birds sweet—  
Dear to me is their cry !  
I had sat some time,  
Perhaps for an hour,  
With my head full of rhyme  
Of bird and of flower,  
When, I know not why,  
Tears rushed to mine eye,  
All of a sudden  
Tears rushed to mine eye !

# The Desterrado

## HOW THE CORN GROWS

ONE autumn morn  
I chanced to cross  
A field of corn ;  
And there it was,  
That blessed morn,  
To sinful me  
The grace was given  
On earth to see  
The ways of Heaven :  
I saw a bird,  
I heard a voice,  
Ne'er saw, ne'er heard.  
I did rejoice,  
Yea, felt a bliss,  
Yet felt a dread  
At sight of this ,  
And what I said  
I know not well,  
For, strange to tell,  
I instantly  
Was on my knee.  
The bird saw too,  
Yet did not stir ;  
And, " Who are you  
To ask me, sir ? "  
It said, and I  
Did thus reply,

## Under the Skies

Grown bolder now,  
I know not how :  
“ An untaught poet  
Of trees and birds,  
Whom no man knoweth,  
And, wanting words,  
But dreams and sings  
Of simple things ”—  
“ Peace ! all Heaven knoweth ;  
From Heaven come I :  
Come, simple poet.”  
And, drawing nigh,  
I heard it say,  
That blessed day,  
To an ear of corn,  
A tiny ear  
That just was born .  
“ Grow quick, my dear !  
There's dearth and death  
On every hand,  
In every breath  
Upon this land—  
Grow quick, my dear ! ”  
Then was revealed  
At every ear,  
Throughout the field,  
A bird, and clear  
A voice, “ Spare, spare ! ”  
Was it my prayer  
That blessed morn  
While I did cross  
The field of corn ?

## The Desterrado

Perchance it was :  
To sinful me  
Such grace was given—  
On earth to see  
The ways of Heaven !



THE CHILLI AND THE ONION

SAYS the chilli to the onion

That grows nigh,

“ Ah, my neighbour, what a pity,

When you die,

No dear parent, brother, sister

Mourns your lot :

Plucked no sooner from the garden

Than forgot ”

“ Not precisely so,” the onion

Makes reply ;

“ You’ll know better all about it

By and by .

Truly men do pluck me, press me,

Cut me deep—

Curse the cut-throats, don’t I always

Make them weep ! ”

# The Desterrado

## A LITTLE FRIEND'S VISIT

GOOD-MORNING, sir !—good-morning, sir !  
’Tis I, *tweet ! tweet !*—he does not stir !  
Are not you—surely you’re the poet ?  
But, bless me, how was one to know it ?  
So fond of looking at the skies,  
Or sitting lone with half-shut eyes !  
I thank you, poet ; you praise my feet,  
You praise my song, you call me sweet.  
Dear Ellen told me so yesterday ;  
Ellen’s my friend, dear Ellen Gray.  
Says Ellen, “ Come, come, mother dear,  
Come see, the little lady’s here ;  
Look, mammy,—steady, now, dear, steady !  
Look how she stands, just like a lady.  
Come take my lesson, little tweet ;  
Come teach me this, my pretty Sweet.”  
Says mammy, “ Mind your lesson, Miss.  
The *little lady*, ay,—*but ! but !*  
Dear, what a cheeky bird it is !  
Do make your lesson, Ellen dear ;  
I’ll blow her up an she come near.”  
The mother’s such a nuisance—blow her !  
But Ellen’s kind, I call her *queen* ;  
She calls me *lady*—don’t you know her ?  
The bonniest lass that ever was seen—  
Why don’t you woo her ?—“ ‘ Stop, my bird !  
You’re foolish, dear ; who ever heard

## Under the Skies

Of such a thing, a thing like this—  
An old man wooing a little Miss?—  
How foolish!—it will never do.’—  
At this away the bird it flew ;  
What did I do ? what did I say ?  
At once the bird it flew away.”

## The Desterrado

### THE MUSE'S SONG

MUCH reading was tiresome, I found,  
And, flinging the book to the ground,  
"Now give me," I said to the Muse,—  
"And I prithee, dear Muse, don't refuse—  
Give me something that's fit to be sung,  
Pretty or funny to suit my tongue."

And the Muse thus began:—

"There's maid Marianne,  
She's singing and milking the cow—  
And what is there prettier now?—

Sing *that* if you can;

Or look at Suzanne,

How the crows they are driving her mad—  
Could anything funnier be had?—

Sing *that* if you can."

And away the Muse ran,

Herself making the song,

Very sweet—and not long!

# Under the Skies

## CASHEWS

A SMALL green hill, an evenfall,  
And, swaying upon a thorn,  
A bulbul—to its mate doth call .  
Delighted I look on —  
How soft and tranquil all !

Who comes ?—A woman young and fair,  
A child against her hip ,  
Sweet mogras round the knot of hair,  
A lit upon her lip —  
How sweet is all the air !

Upon the ground the child she lays  
And plucks the cashews red .  
Some farmer's wife, but the sun's rays  
A glamour round her shed.—  
How blest must be her days !

# The Desterrado

## THE CHILD OF LIGHT

SLOW, one by one, the stars of night  
They mount and shine athwart the sky  
And fade away ;  
Quiet, in the dark, the child of light  
He works and waits, till night go by,  
To greet glad day !

## MEMORIES

# Memories

## THE PROPHET I

A MAN there was, had travelled wide,  
Would come and sit all day  
In our *balcão*, and tell in pride  
Of countries far away.

And, if he caught me, as oft he did,  
Coming from stream or hill,  
He'd shake his head, would shake his head  
And say, "Do what you will,

My friend, this child of yours,  
If once he leave his home,  
His home and all he will forget,  
And only love to roam."

Right well remember I his words,  
And how my sire he'd sigh.  
The prophet I were he living now,  
He'd find his words a lie.

I've travelled far, I've travelled wide,  
The Ghats and Ganges seen,  
But e'er my village hills and streams  
Most dear to me have been.



# The Desterrado

## THE BULBULS' NEST

THE path of life 'tis full of thorns—  
So hard a fate is ours ;  
Yet, say, the first few feet is not  
The path strewn all with flowers,  
Strewn all with flowers ?

And naught that comes in after days  
The memory of the joy  
We had of each and every flower,  
Indeed, can e'er destroy,  
Can e'er destroy.

And one such flower, among the rest,  
When, past a summer shower,  
A cool breeze blows, remember I  
Each day at luncheon hour,  
At luncheon hour.

The shower is gone, and drops of rain  
Are glist'ning in the sun ;  
The mudday meal is also done,  
The hour being nearly one,  
Being nearly one

In the *balkão* there sits a man,  
A boy upon his knee .  
They watch two bulbuls build a nest  
Upon the mango tree,  
The mango tree.

## Memories

It stands so small—the mango tree—  
And in the garden near,  
The birds, when hatched, will sure be theirs,  
The birds they love so dear,  
They love so dear.

The boy he laughs or weeps for joy,  
And sire and son begin  
To make a cage, a tiny cage,  
To keep the birdies in,  
The birdies in.

The picture may, to *thee*, seem dull ;  
Not so seems it to *me* .  
Ah, what a world would I not give  
Again that child to be,  
That child to be !

# The Desterrado

## DREAMS IN CHILDHOOD

DEAR mother, now in heaven,  
A dreamy child she thought me,  
But bless my happy childhood  
And the sweet dreams it brought me!

If mother woke up early,  
When birds to song are given,  
I pleaded, "Do not wake me,  
I hear the birds in heaven."

## Memories

### TO AN OLD JACK-TREE

I SAW thee fade, and heard thee sigh,  
    (While I lay fainting, it would seem),  
“Who careth now how soon I die?”—  
    Thank God, dear jack-tree, 'twas a dream.

Could I survive thee, jack-tree dear?  
    Nay, thou art one of many trees  
That all grow dearer year by year,  
    Bringing to mind sweet memories.

What though of thy fruit I never ate,  
    Or in thy branches never played—  
Yea, thou wert sterile e'er and straight—  
    All day I sported in thy shade.

And first to thee the birds would come  
    And watch the cage with fowling reed,  
And from thyself I got the gum—  
    Poor jack-tree, how I made thee bleed!

Indeed, I would not have thee die;  
    And thou art tall enough to see  
The hill where I unmourned shall lie—  
    And *thou* wilt surely mourn for me!

# The Desterrado

## SPRING

ALL yesternight I'd dreams of the days departed,  
Rambling on the hills, a happy boy ;  
Yet somehow, somehow I was heavy-hearted,  
Felt a something secret mar my joy ;  
And this wet pillow proves that I have wept,  
Wept bitter tears and long the while I slept.

Among the scarlet flowers of silk cotton scattered,  
Sipping the sweet juice at their sweet will,  
In what good fellowship the starlings chattered,  
Even with the crows, on vale and hill,  
While gaily, gaily did the greenwood ring  
To songs of birds in welcome of the spring !

Again I seek the scenes of youth, not bounding,  
As I bounded once, but with slow tread ;  
There's not a tree, nor bush nor bower, surround-  
ing

But it wakens memories of the dead,  
Of him whose fiery spirit flung the spark,  
Kindling the kindred soul that burns yet—in the  
dark.

Had God in mercy so permitted, left me  
Choice of heaven against one earth's desire,  
In sooth had I of the joys of heaven bereft me  
For the joy of rambling with my sire—  
With none but him whose like I shall not see—  
Upon my native hills eternally !

# Memories

## MY GARDEN

In my garden of love  
Very few were the flowers,  
Yet grateful was I  
To the Great Ones above,  
The flowers were so fair.  
But They needed a rose—  
The Great Ones above—  
In Their garden of peace,  
And ruthless They chose  
My brightest and best.  
I fell on my knees  
Crying distraught, "Of Your love,  
Pray spare me the rest!"

# The Desterrado

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## The Desterrado

A wondrous work of art, which long  
Did sore his skill defy,  
Till, baffled twice, he'd now resolved  
To triumph or to die !

So there he stood to test its strength :  
His little orphan boy  
With winsome face and light blue eyes,  
Sole pledge of wedded joy,

Was clinging to his neck—poor child—  
Unconscious all of harm,  
The while his sire, a lighted lunt  
In hand, awaited calm.

Some moments then a silence fell,  
And hushed was every breath . . .  
The cannon boomed—but shouts of joy  
Proclaimed them saved from death !

Thereon a loud Te Deum rose  
In one harmonious swell,—  
The voices of the multitude  
Commingling with the bell.

And there was joy among the friars  
That helped the church to raise,  
And that brave son of Italy  
Had due reward and praise.

## Memories

And long did that great vault attest—  
Intact mid ruins hoary—  
The genius of the architect  
And Goa's short-lived glory !

# The Desterrado

## DOM GUZMÃO

Old Dom Guzmão, in faded frock  
But with a haughty brow,  
Who sings beside the palace gate,  
A rich fidalgo but of late,  
A poor man is he now.

Fair Dona Clara, the vicereine,  
A kind, kind lady is she ;  
A lady kind to all, but most  
To folks of her own countree.

“ Who sings now there, who plays now  
there,  
So early in the day ?  
He sings so sweet, he plays so sweet,  
My prayers I scarce can say ”

“ ’Tis I, senhora, Dom Guzmão,  
Your Excellency’s slave ;  
Long may Your Excellency live  
To help the unhappy brave ! ”

“ You, Dom Guzmão ?—your face is  
flushed—  
I wonder what you do ;  
You’ve spent, I fear, the three rupees  
I gave last week to you.

## Memories

Yet three more will I give you now  
If you will sing again  
The best three songs of our countree,  
On glory, love and pain."

And Dom Guzmão he sings the best  
Three songs of his countree ,  
And takes his pay and goes his way--  
A poor fidalgo he !

THE CHOIR MASTER

NE’ER came Death into our village  
But it brought me grace ;  
I would join the sad procession  
To the resting-place.

Then I heard the dear choir master,  
(Old was he and kind),  
He would chant the *Miserere*,  
Brought me peace of mind.

Such the peace, at every burial,  
“ May he live,” said I,  
“ Live to chant the *Miserere*  
O’er me when I die ! ”

Now that comfort ’tis denied me,—  
Wherefore, God knows best .  
This sad day the good old master  
He was laid to rest !

## GADFLIES

## Gadflies

### THE LORD OF CREATION

A HEARTY breakfast over,  
Within myself content,  
With all the world at peace,  
Into the street I went—  
The lord of creation I !

Quiet feeding on the garbage,  
That in the street there lay,  
Were pariah dogs, with looks  
That seemed to plead and say,  
“ The slaves of creation we ! ”

Further on, while their children  
Scratched off each other's face,  
Two mothers swore enough  
To shame the human race—  
*Ladies* of creation they !

I bit my tongue, and, crestfall'n  
Returning the same way,  
Distinct I heard the dogs  
To one another say,  
“ The lord of creation he ! ”

# The Desterrado

## MRS. BITCH

IN the street where live I there lives a Bitch :  
I call her " My sweet darling,"  
But folk around call her a spiteful witch—  
All day, they say, she's snarling.  
Her temper, if not sweet,  
Remember my sweet darling  
Was born with but two feet.

Should children in the street but run or play,  
They find her barking furious ;  
And neighbours come and curse and go their  
way—  
But neighbours *are* so curious !  
No wonder children hale  
And hearty make her furious—  
My darling hath no tail.

But let the curious folk think what they will  
And curse her in full measure ;  
She's neither bitch nor witch but just a *girl*.  
To me she's quite a treasure,  
For through her, link by link,  
With pleasure I can measure  
How low the sex can sink !



# Gadflies

## THE POETS

SCENE.—*The main road of a village in Goa, sometimes called Oriental Rome.*

*(The verses in the older poet's mouth have deliberately been made monotonous so as to conform with his own manner of speaking.)*

OLDER POET .

Those lines you mentioned they are fine,  
But these are better—they are mine:—  
“Two bards, the same great century born,  
A glorious country they adorn,  
One he's beside me——”

YOUNGER POET :

Kind of you,  
But, sir, “beside me” ’twere more true ;  
Now give us th’ epic, poem, or lay  
You deemed so glorious, yesterday

OLDER POET .

The lay is, in great men’s estimation,  
Enough to make a reputation ,  
’Tis worthy to be sung, though small,  
In places like the Capitol,  
Albeit, to please a comrade dear,  
I’ll sing it on a road—give ear :

“Whoso hath seen our glorious Goa,  
They say, he need not see Lisboa .  
Nor, I say, need he see great Rome,—  
All great things they’re in Goa, our home :  
Bless Albuquerque’s great memory,  
A city as great as Rome is she.”

## The Desterrado

YOUNGER POET :

Glorious indeed ! I like to hear  
My country praised ; I love it dear,  
And wish could write——

OLDER POET :

A poem like that ?

Aha ! and give me tat for tat ?  
Nay, nay, you may, I'm sure you can,  
But, then, you *must* sit like a man ;  
Not only be *divinely* inspired,  
But get your heart *burningly* fired !  
Yea, you should love and help your kind,  
And wealth or health should never mind.  
That's how wrote I those lines of mine—  
Two sparks in each—humane, divine ,  
And that's how, too, poor I remain—  
To hear it, friend, will give you pain.

YOUNGER POET :

You're rich enough to buy me, sir.

OLDER POET :

Pray, never such a thing aver ,  
True, God has blessed me, various ways,  
For my good works—I give Him praise ;  
But a large house it leaves one poor :  
Build one yourself, sir, and make sure.

*(Calling out to a fisher-girl running past with  
a basketful of fish)*

Stop, Marianne ! Stop, Marianne ! .  
What means this, Marianne, my girl ?  
I called out twice, and you ran, ran ;  
Well paid for naming you a *pearl* !

## Gadflies

FISHER-GIRL :

Yes, with such pearls you cheat poor girls  
And ne'er a pice you give nor rice,  
For months and months—you think it nice.  
(*Throw's down some fish to the old poet and runs off.*)

OLDER POET :

Ungrateful girl ! and every day  
My thoughts have been to make a lay  
Upon her wedding—pay her so,  
And let no man or woman know :  
Do good by stealth—I think it best ;  
“ Let not thy left hand ”—and the rest.  
Reward must come or soon or late ,  
If mine came late such was my fate,  
Though small sums yet to folks I owe,  
But you will help a friend, I know—  
Now, not another tit for tat !

YOUNGER POET :

I, sir ? I, I'm poor as a rat !

OLDER POET :

In vain have then my lectures been ;  
As man, I see, you're selfish, mean ;  
As poet, however hard you strain,  
My heights you never shall attain !

YOUNGER POET :

I hope not !—they would make me faint ;  
And who could stand them—save a saint ?

# The Desterrado

## AFTER THE FIRST MONSOON SHOWER

ALL overhead a cloudy sky,  
Alone a winsome child plays nigh,  
A dhyal, from the topmost bough,  
It cheers the peasant at the plough;  
While th' air it smells so sweet, so sweet,  
On every spray  
Is seen a sparrow, or a tweet,  
A-dancing gay:  
Why's not my heart a-dancing then?—  
Because of ye, ye thoughtless men!

## Gadflies

### PADRE JOSÉ MAREE

THE picture above that you see  
Is of Padre José Maree,  
A padre renowned  
In the country all round,  
As a padre can be,  
For his battered betretta,  
His tattered old cassock  
And nieces three.

Where'er there's the chance of a fee,  
Of good cheer, or of e'en a biree,—  
Be it a death and prayer,  
Or a church feast and fair,—  
There the padre you see,  
See him eating or smoking,  
If not making the dots  
For his nieces three.

# The Desterrado

## AN OLD LESSON

A GOODLY sight it was—  
The field of waving corn—  
And ripe enough to reap  
Upon the morrow morn.  
He'd paid their dues to them  
That helped the field to sow,  
And given due praise to Him  
That made the corn to grow,  
Had vowed (not all in vain)  
To keep himself from sin.  
His cares now over, the corn  
Would soon be garnered in  
A good man he, that owned  
The field, as all could tell;  
Not like that heartless wretch—  
His field had fared as well!  
He could not understand,  
He could not help but grieve,  
And sad he homewards went.  
Alas, that self-same eve  
A swarm of locusts came—  
In haste they came, in haste:  
They spared the bad man's field  
And laid the good man's waste!

# Gadflies

## BIRDS AND NEIGHBOURS

WHEN I was young and went all day  
Bird's-nesting, oft would neighbours say,  
    " The birds will be his ruin."

'Tis not with age my hairs are gray,  
And well the birds might turn and say,  
    " 'Tis all his neighbours' doing."

# The Desterrado

## PRAYERS

I BLESSED the mom  
When he was born,  
And, kneeling down  
Where I had stood,  
Did pray the gods  
To make him good.

Enough, enough !  
Perhaps they laugh  
To see me writh  
With agony :  
Who knows, who knows  
What like gods be ?



# Gadflies

## BEFORE A CROSS

THIS cross, dear Jesus, Thou didst carry  
All the way to Calvary,  
And at the sight not all were heartless—  
Some good women pitied Thee ;  
A long while, for Thy love, I bore it,  
Yet who, who ever pitied me ?

When dying they mocked Thee, dead they  
speared Thee—  
All were strangers, loit'ring nigh ;  
I'm speared alive and by no strangers,  
Though faint unto death I lie :  
Good Jesus, take Thy cross, good Jesus—  
Take Thy cross and let me die !

# The Desterrado

## THE SCOURGING

EYES filled with tears  
The child reads on .  
“ They had Him scourged  
Until He bled. . . .  
They placed a crown—  
A crown of thorn—  
Upon His head.”  
The sire kneels down  
And blesses God  
That child was born.

\* \* \*

An old man prays  
Before a shrine ;  
Resigned he says,  
“ Thy will be done,  
Thy will, not *mine*.”  
A lash in hand,  
Behold the son !  
He'll scourge his sire—  
“ Oh curse your God ! ” . . .  
Retire, retire !

## Gadflies

### CARPE DIEM

ENOUGH, my heart,  
No more will I obey thee ;  
We two shall part  
Lest I in cold blood slay thee

What mean these dreams ?  
The end is sure disaster ,  
The best, *me-seems*,  
Is reason, for a master

I'll take the plough,  
And take no thought of morrow ;  
So part we now—  
Away with dreams and sorrow !

Says poor dear heart,  
" Obey or disobey me,  
I cannot part ,  
Come, then, in cold blood slay me ! "

## BUTTERFLIES

## BUTTERFLIES

# The Desterrado

## ANOTHER HOUR

ANOTHER hour, Gray Eyes,  
And then farewell  
A smile from thee once, Gray Eyes,  
Could raise me to the skies,  
Could tongue now tell  
How crushed my poor heart lies?  
Who crushed it, cruel Gray Eyes?—  
Yet fare thee well!

## Butterflies

### LAST WORDS

I AM sorry, Gray Eyes,  
We'll meet not again,  
And thy tears and sighs  
(Be still, O my heart !)  
Are in vain, all in vain—  
For never, Gray Eyes,  
Will I see thee again !

# The Desterrado

## BUTTERFLIES

BEAUTIFUL butterflies  
All flutt'ring so gay,  
And I feasting mine eyes  
As joyful as they !  
Till you came on the scene—  
You haunting Gray Eyes—  
You came in between  
And chased them away,—  
My poor butterflies  
You chased them away,  
Oh you cruel Gray Eyes !



## Butterflies

### KATE

WE might have wed, sweet Kate and I,  
And lived and died together ;  
Had not our love it made us shy,  
We might have wed, sweet Kate and I ;  
In vain now lone I sit and sigh  
All through the wintry weather  
We might have wed, sweet Kate and I,  
And lived and died together.

# The Desterrado

## MY LOVE

*He*—My love's a peasant girl,  
Yet full of queenly grace :  
When first I came across her  
She was a-making hay,  
And round her pretty face  
Was tied a kerchief gay.

*She*—My love's a high-born lad,  
But with a kindly heart :  
Would that I ne'er had seen him !  
I know his folk upbraid  
And say, " A fool thou art  
To wed a peasant maid."

*He*—This morn I passed her hut .  
She turned her head away ;  
And near by, from a jack-tree,  
The bird that loveth me  
I heard it sing and say,  
" This maid she's meant for thee ! "

# Butterflies

## FALSE LOVE

Too late in life came Love my way—  
“ You never wished to meet me ! ”  
She whispered soft, “ though every day  
You read of me and every night  
You dreamed, till now your hairs are white.”—  
“ Yea, fearing you might cheat me.”

At this so sweet the fair one smiled,  
At once said I, “ Forgive me ! ”  
A child at heart I was beguiled—  
Her smile was mine undoing—methought,  
Though hard against it reason fought,  
Maybe she'll not deceive me

And through the garden we two went,  
Plucking the roses gaily ,  
Still something said, “ You'll yet lament , ”  
And right enough (as I did fear)  
The false one left me soon—and here  
Am I, lamenting daily.

## The Desterrado

### WHEN SOMEBODY LOVED ME

WHEN somebody loved me  
The world was all fair,  
And I felt no care :  
How gay the birds sung,  
How soft the bells rung,  
Bidding folks to prayer,  
When somebody loved me !

Now that nobody loves me  
The world it is drear,  
And I live without cheer .  
All sad the birds sing,  
And the church bells ring  
Like a dirge to mine ear,  
Now that nobody loves me !

# THE OLIVE GROVE

# The Olive Grove

## VENITE, ADORERUS

Babe of Bethlehem,  
We're children from the Foundling Home  
Come joyful to adore Thee :  
Gifts we have none, but take our hearts,—  
We lay our hearts before Thee.

Babe of Bethlehem,  
We held a lantern in the dark  
And cried, " Behold the Star !  
Come let us hasten, as they did,—  
The kings that came from far."

Babe of Bethlehem,  
We find Thee, lo, in a poor shed,  
(They found us on the street)  
Yet art Thou happy, so are we,—  
And kiss Thy little feet.

# The Desterrado

## THE MANGO

THE child would none but the best mango,  
Was juicy both and sweet ;  
The beggar bought the fruit, and smiled  
To see his dear son eat :  
I wished I were that happy child  
Eating the mango sweet.

The father watched him eat the mango,  
His face aglow with love ;  
Then wiped the mouth of his dear boy,  
And thanked the gods above :  
Sweeter, I thought, the father's joy  
Drinking that cup of love.

## The Desterrado

And stood with downcast looks and sad.  
'Twas more than I could bear :  
Their sadness smote me, " Yea, throw stones  
At others an you dare ! "

I sate a while, a restless guest,  
And looked upon the scene :  
By the shed stood two wild fig trees,  
One side a patch of green ;

Behind, a hill where cattle grazed—  
And thoughts of Abraham  
Came to my mind, and to my heart  
A sense of blessed calm !



# The Olive Grove

## MY FRIENDS

My friends are more than I can tell ;  
I give here only three.  
The first he blows the bugle well,  
A bugle master he.

I meet him each and every day  
Where they the bugles blow ;  
He brings his child and makes him say,  
“ Big saib, how far you go ? ”

The child, now comely to my mind,  
Was otherwise before ;  
And somehow day by day, I find,  
I like the urchin more.

Another friend, and very dear,  
With a tray large and round,  
He sits and sweetmeats sells, anear  
Saint Mary's Church compound.

With *laddoos* for my child, one day,  
After me did he run ;  
I took the *laddoos*,—naught did pay,  
Rememb'ring Mary's Son

The third of friends (you'll scarce believe)  
Though lame I love him best ;  
Nay, should he fail to come one eve,  
My heart it hath no rest.

# The Olive Grove

## ON RE-READING BURNS

(By the Charlotte Lake, Matheran, India)

'Tis well they know not lust of pelf or fame  
Who dwell in yonder peaceful glen,  
Far from the wicked haunts of men,  
And well for Scotland's glory and her name  
Had been, and for thy weal and peace of mind,  
Thou pride and shame at once of human kind,  
An thou hadst shunned the tempting, fateful  
glare  
That lured thee from the bonny banks of Ayr!

# The Olive Grove

## A MORNING RAMBLE

WHAT would you, heart ?  
If on our way a bird but chirped,  
With eyes all opened wide  
You stopped to hear—and cried,  
If on our way a bird but chirped :  
Dear heart, poor heart,  
You're never satisfied.

What would you, heart ?  
When on our face the fresh air blew,  
You liked it well, and tried  
To rest content—and sighed,  
When on our face the fresh air blew .  
Dear heart, poor heart,  
You're never satisfied.

How strange you are !  
When a sweet lime the woman gave  
Saying, " Take this for your child,"  
You smiled (you had not smiled)  
When a sweet lime the woman gave :  
Yea, you were satisfied—  
Alas, I it was that sighed !

# The Olive Grove

## THE HYMN

As we three left the village  
We heard some children sing  
A hymn to Blessed Mary  
And the small church bell ring.  
“ Stay, stay, stay but a while,”  
My heart said with a smile ;  
But Fate she would not stay,  
And dragged us both away.

Praise be to Blessed Mary !  
Across the hills and seas  
The hymn it followed us ;  
And now, on every breeze,  
My heart and I can hear  
Its cadence just as clear :  
We laugh at Fate and say,  
“ Come drag the hymn away.”

# The Desterrado

## TO A BEATA \*

I WOULD thou took'st some other way ;  
'Tis hard on me, and every day ;  
Little thou know'st the sight of thee,  
Poor Beata, how it tortures me !  
Thy life is all a winter drear—  
From day to day, from year to year,  
'Tis one dull round of toil and prayer ,  
Thy mother dead, he will not heed,  
Thy greedy sire, e'en if thou bleed :  
How hard a fate, and thou so fair !

Thy sins confessed, I saw thee pale  
And trembling all put down thy veil ,  
What bitter anguish must have tore  
Thy bosom !—ah, temptation sore,  
And all around an arid waste,  
Yet that one draught thou wilt not taste,  
Though thirsty unto death thou be ;  
So dear to thee thy virgin vows,  
And dear the honour of thy house,  
And better death than infamy !

Next week thy brother brings a bride,  
To a house that well hath kept its pride—  
Oh, at what cost to thee who cares ?  
That wretch with sanctimonious airs ?

\* In Goa certain well-to-do families keep a beata (unmarried daughter) on the plea that otherwise the house does not prosper!

## The Olive Grove

And thou must give her welcome, nay,  
With words will break thy heart to say,  
Thyself must show the bridal bed,  
The bed where *thou* shalt never lie  
For all thy prayers to the Most High—  
Ai, better, better thou wert dead !

# The Desterrado

## A WILD FLOWER

Quite an hour  
I was looking at it—  
The range of bare hills—  
But thinking of Him,  
Quite an hour.

All the while  
It was looking at me—  
The tiny wild flower :  
Was it thinking of Him,  
All that while ?

With a smile  
Our eyes met ;  
I left thinking of Him :  
Was He looking at us ?  
I think of it yet,  
I think of it yet.

# The Olive Grove

## THE OLD MAN OF PIRENE

By the fountain of Pirene

There was an old man praying ;  
Night and day, and on his knees,  
For ever he was saying,  
“ For my sake, forgive them, Lord—  
They know not what they do.”

White his beard and long, so long,  
Was on the green grass growing ,  
As the fountain so his tears  
For ever they were flowing.

There no beast, however wild,  
Would growl, no bird would sing ,  
Quiet they quenched their thirst and seemed  
To say, “ What a sad thing ! ”

When alive, oft went I there,  
And could not help but pray ;  
Donkeys, too, they had been seen  
To kneel beside and bray.

From my grave I hear him now,  
Can hear the same sad call :  
Friends, for mercy, let him know  
’Tis useless, useless all !



# The Desterrado

## ROBIN REDBREAST

I KNOW not, birdie,  
What like thou art ;  
The poets all praise thee  
And touch my heart.

And never shall know it !  
So tame and good ;  
With leaves, too, covered  
The babes in the wood.

Have patience, old man,  
God hears thy prayer ;  
The bird will greet thee,  
The first thing *there* !

# The Olive Grove

## THE SONG

THERE'S a song in my heart enshrined,  
Should ever my lips fit words find,  
All the nations would, for all time,  
Abide by that song sublime,  
And man unto man would be  
As in heaven they yearn to see.

Ev'ry night, when the nights are long,  
I dream that I sing this song,  
And see all ye, dear brothers mine,  
Listen rapt to the words divine,  
Till there pass a thrill through the spheres—  
When ye tremble, and burst into-tears !

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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